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## THE VICTOR.

There was on earth great joy  
When in far Bethlehem's cave  
To this perverted race  
God a Redeemer gave.

Hundredfold 'twas augmented  
On that glad Easter morn  
When the Savior arose,  
Victor o'er death forlorn.

Sealed was the doom of hell  
Broken the devil's might,  
Born was the Church of Him  
Who dwells in heav'nly light.  
T. F. KRAMER, '01.



SUCCESS AND LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

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ONE of the best and most powerful agents that beget and promote the tranquillity and happiness of social life is the division of labor. While it affords most valuable profits and advantages to both, the individual and the mass, it sunders the business of life into so many and various lots as may suit the peculiar bias of each.

Manifold are the mansions that the great world proffers to trustworthy tenants. In one, there are the tools of industry; in another, the insignia of power; and in a third, the minions of the Muse. These and many others are open to us, and to enter any one of them requires but our own volition. Among the diverse stations and pursuits of life, however, beside natural bias (unless highly refined), the attainment of Success must needs influence one's choice.

What is Success? What constitutes this phantom (if such it may be called) that men chase with breathless haste, with constant fear, and nervous anxiety? Is it *Character*? Is it *Fame*? Is it *Fortune*? It is none of the three; it is the three combined. But what is Character? What is Fame? What is Fortune?

Character is nature in the very acme. It is the will acting persistently under the control of religion, morality, and reason. It chooses its path with appreciative thought and pursues with pearl-like honesty. It values duty higher than

vain glory, and prefers the approval of conscience to the world's praise. Preserving its own individuality and independence, it duly respects the personality of others, and opens the doors for the reception of God's own truth and man's highest culture to social life. The face which Character wears is *self-knowledge*.

Fame is the reflection of character in the highest form. It is the revelation of having acted well one's part, of having done one's best. Like a sweet ointment it sends forth durable odors of virtue and fills therewith every fair-minded soul; like a lovely mountain peak bathing in the sunshine it basks in the radiance of unsullied love and gains admittance to every unblemished heart. The face which Fame wears is *self-respect*.

Fortune is the reasonable enjoyment of earthly blessings. It is the acquisition and possession of provisions by honest and well-regulated labor for a livelihood, for old age, for aiding the sick and the poor, for charitable purposes, for making one's home pleasant and tasteful, refined and elegant and for rendering to Caesar what is Caesar's. The face which Fortune wears is *self-sufficingness*.

Success, therefore, as must be inferred from the exposition given of its three constituents, viz., Character, Fame, and Fortune, is self-knowledge, self-respect, and self-sufficingness; in a word, success is the model—the *ideal* disposition in man towards God, towards himself, and towards his neighbor.

There is no prospect that presents such favorable symptoms of Success, as that of theology,

medicine, and law, conjointly called the Learned Professions.

The Learned Professions are divine—they are godlike both in nature and tendency. Their message to man is identical with that of Christ, the Godman; viz., the administration of righteousness, of health, and of justice, whence it is their end and aim to make the will of God prevail.

The theologian—the priest is man's safe-guard against eternal perdition. The priest, as the *anointed* of God, bids defiance to the assaults of Satan, the archenemy of the human race. As the *chosen one* of Christ, it is his delight to be with the children of men and to administer to them the means of grace and the medicine of consolation and contentment. With joy he hastens to stanch the bleeding wounds of the broken-hearted, to cheer the disconsolate, to heal family dissensions, and to purify and augment the happiness of social life. As the *delegated* of the Holy Ghost he is to guard and dispense the heavenly treasures, to immolate himself on the altar of duty and love in behalf of his fellow-beings and to lead them by the unerring light of faith and good works to the realms of eternal bliss. Though the achievements of the humble priest, unlike those of the cunning market-controller, may fail to be the favorite gossip of the mad world, angels' lips extol them before the throne of the Eternal High-Priest, and the heavens reverberate their praise.

The physician is man's safeguard against disease. His intellect constantly busies itself with the thought, how to prevent sickness, how to al-

leviate pain. With well-nigh angelic patience he administers to the miseries of men; with soldierly promptitude he abates their sufferings. No field of carnage, no pestilence, no contagion, nothing can detain him from heeding the call of duty with utmost exactitude. His aid is at the command of kings and beggars, of the rich and poor. "His office," says Weber, the German poet-doctor, "is a kind of priesthood; he performs services in the temple when he works among his suffering brethren." Though the labor of the physician may not be so noisy and so money-making as that of the speculating graindealer, it is a genuine test of true character, of true fame, and true value—a test of true Christian Charity.

The lawyer is man's safeguard against injustice. His mind unceasingly meditates upon the thought how successfully to bear witness to the just claims of men, and how to restore their former acknowledgement. His conscience constantly prompts him to watch with vigilant care over justice and manfully to defend its preservation and exercise. Neither position nor money, neither promises nor threats, nothing can prevail upon him to swerve the least from the path of equity and right. With fatherly love he listens to the sighs and prayers of the widows and orphans, of the sick and the poor, robbed and oppressed by false friends; and in compliance with the stern demands of duty he brings the black perpetrators to justice. Though the lawyer's doings may challenge less applause from the idle bystanders than those of the tactful business-man, they are engraved in the book of

life, to which the fickleness of man has no access.

The above exposition of the various traits, that must needs characterize the true theologian, the true physician and the true lawyer respectively, goes to prove that the pursuers of the Learned Professions advance the great cause of religion, health and justice, in a word, attain *Success* at its best; viz., the model, the ideal disposition towards God, towards themselves, and towards their neighbor.

CYRIL C. MOHR, '01.

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SPRING.

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Oh valleys fair, oh heights sublime,  
Oh woodlands green of vernal time!  
Again ye bid us come, and dwell,  
With nature's joys in nature's dell.

Again the sun in all display  
Illumes the earth, the hidden lay;  
And birds 'mid song and loud debate  
Now pass through glory's morning gate.

The sprouting shrub and budding rose,  
Again awake from night's repose;  
And earth's soft breath in gild does rise  
From lowly earth to vaulted skies.

The slender grass and thriving weed,  
Earth's wounds and scars keep from our heed;  
And many a flower in fullest bloom,  
Sends through the air its sweet perfume.

Life's cares seem wholly disappeared,  
And death itself no more is feared;  
Ere long we mingle with the earth;  
But soon again shall rise in mirth.

E. HEFELE, '01.

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HENRY CLAY.

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IN all ages and climes there have been men that have elicited the praise and admiration of their fellow-citizens. Few men, however, have called forth the noble encomiums which posterity has given to the subject of this sketch. His career is such a varied and extensive one, as to require volumes to give his merits due appreciation. If Washington, Franklin and Jefferson deserve the gratitude and affection of their countrymen for their strenuous efforts in establishing the great republic and guiding it on to prosperity and power, Clay, also, merits the emulation and respect of all loyal Americans for his exertions in preserving the Union of the states and keeping strife and dissension far from the portals of the Union.

Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, Va. April, 17, 1777. Owing to the humble circumstances of his parents, his early life was fraught with many hardships and privations. His primitive education was neglected and he was obliged to accept a clerkship in Richmond, Va. It was in this capacity that he formed those habits of diligence and thrift which were the cause of his future greatness. He next served as an amanuensis for Capt. Wythe. Mr. Wythe soon saw what great promise this youth of fifteen gave of future eminence, and he became his principal tutor and adviser. Clay now applied himself to the study of law and general literature. He was admitted to

the bar in 1797, and in the same year removed to Lexington, Ky. Here he began the practice of law and gained great success in his chosen field of labor, especially in that difficult branch of jurisprudence—criminal law. It is said that in his speeches before a jury he carried all before him, and it was impossible for him to lose a case for his client, if there was any good ground of argument, so great were Clay's persuasive powers.

Clay's uncommon abilities were soon recognized. At the early age of twenty-eight he was chosen United States Senator. Mr. Clay was a man young in years, but old in experience and attainments, and his fame and influence soon became national.

He remained in the Senate until 1811, when he was solicited by the whole nation to become a member of the House. It was on this occasion that Clay showed his fidelity to duty, his love of country, his disinterestedness and manly character by accepting an inferior dignity. It was thought that, owing to the country being on the verge of war with Great Britain, his political sagacity and eloquence could be of more use in the lower House of Congress, and such was in fact the case, for being elected Speaker, he now had an opportunity to give full scope to his talents, and call forth all the powers of his eloquence. He made the popular branch of the National Legislature the all-potent power of the nation. At this time the question of war with Great Britain was pending, many opposed the declaration of war, some favored it, President Madison was timid, hesitating and un-

willing to act. All eyes were on Clay, he was "the man of the hour," he stood between the national executive and the people, and at the same time presided over the immediate representatives of the people. He held that war must be declared and that it was the only means of preserving those precious boons won by the self-sacrificing spirit and unflinching patriotism of the heroes of the Revolution—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Clay applied his wonderful powers of persuasion very effectively in having war declared against England, and the nation placed upon his shoulders the burden of its successful termination. He was the great and powerful of the war of 1812. The beginning of the war was disastrous to the American forces. Victory followed the efforts of the British soldiers. Our army was in disgrace, the enemy was jubilant, and the nation disheartened. "Money, an army and skilled generals were the need of the hour." The reputation of our arms must be retrieved. Those opposed to the war heaped bitter reproaches and sarcastic rebukes on the administration for making war on so powerful a nation without the necessary means to carry it on with success. There was one that could bring success out of these defeats, peace out of all this discord, order out of all this chaos. It was Henry Clay, the President's counsellor, the Senate's guide, the leader of the House of Representatives and the people's tribune. Then it was that he rose above the exigencies of the time and with much confidence and self-possession declared

that he would not swerve from his self-conviction; the war must go on and it would terminate to the satisfaction of all concerned, and at the same time vindicate the honor of the country and insure its emulation and esteem on account of our steadfast devotion to right. When the honor and integrity of the nation was at stake, Clay was ever solicitous to preserve the reputation of his nation unblemished and unimpaired, and this is, no doubt, the cause for his persistent demands that war be declared on Great Britain. His patriotism was too great, his devotion to right and justice too noble to allow his country to be insulted, and this he expressed when he said: "We had become the scorn of foreign powers, and the derision of our own citizens. We had submitted too long and too much. We had been insulted, outraged and spoliated upon by nearly all Europe."

When the war took a more encouraging aspect and our armies subdued the haughty Britains on land and our navy competed successfully with the greatest maritime power in existence, Mr. Clay was the first to propose peace measures. He resigned his seat in Congress, and joined the American Commissioners at Ghent, and by his untiring energy, great persuasive power and wonderful eloquence succeeded in gaining a treaty of peace favorable to the United States. A colleague of Clay in the peace commission thus eloquently shows his appreciation of Mr. Clay's work in that body: "You did more at that Congress than any other of its members, by your tact, your moderation, your discretion, your angelic self-command, and your

incomparable manner; and I will bear this witness before the world—you did more than any other to bestow this most blessed of boons, this God-like gift—peace among men.” Hence, from the above mentioned facts it is evident that Clay was responsible for the declaration of war, its successful conduct and its favorable outcome.

The war of 1812 had a great effect on the public character and public conduct of Henry Clay during the long and extraordinary train of events which afterwards called forth his prudence and ability. From a bellicose disposition, he became the friend of peace and harmony, and his efforts in behalf of these blessings on so many and weighty occasions have been rewarded by giving him the glorious title, “Great Pacificator.”

When Missouri was admitted into the Union in 1821, the North and South did not agree as to whether the state should be a free or a slave state. The North was against slavery, because it was unpopular, unprofitable and repugnant to their nature; but the South favored it, because it was carried on successfully and with much profit by the slave-owners. In Congress both parties had their sympathizers and supporters, and the question was debated in all its intricate and various phases. The Constitution was not broad enough to settle this rare predicament. The question could not be amicably adjusted without a direct violation of the constitution—that great document and precious legacy of our fathers. The thought filled the nation with awe and amazement. How can we surmount such a difficulty? This was the

foremost thought in the minds of our countrymen in those days. But they possessed a great mind in Henry Clay, the "Great Pacificator." He it was who had the key to the situation. He came forth with that erudite policy, the Missouri Compromise. Clay said: "Let the Constitution lie in abeyance till a proposal from Congress to Missouri can be considered; wait a little, forbear, and then, peradventure, the Constitution may go on its way rejoicing." How clearly Mr. Clay saw into the conditions of the time and how correct the above mentioned sentiments were is shown by the great prosperity which followed the adoption of this compromise bill. John Quincy Adams's administration was one continual period of happiness and prosperity—all the direct result of that soothing and pacifying influence of Clay's admirable compromise bill of 1821.

The tariff law of 1828 was very onerous and dissatisfactory to the Southern States, especially to South Carolina. This state passed a law the famous "Nullification Ordinance," declaring the tariff law of 1828 "null and void" and the state would secede from the Union if force should be employed to collect any revenue at Charleston. President Jackson, that unflinching but often too hasty executive, at once issued a proclamation expressing his determination to execute the laws, and ordered an army under General Scott to Charleston. Thus we see the country on the verge of a civil war, caused by the refusal of submission on the part of a state and the premature action on the part of the President, the general government arrayed a-

against a state government. War seemed inevitable, both parties were making preparations for that injurious and destructive monster. Clay offered a Tariff Compromise Bill, which advocated a gradual reduction of the tariff, and it was acceptable to both sides and adopted. Thus again we see Clay's great tact and prudence exerted so beneficially in behalf of his country, and the powerful influence he held with his fellow-men in averting such a calamity as a civil war, which, without the least doubt, would have been the outcome of so much ill feeling.

It was then that Clay gave vent to his convictions in an utterance that does him more honor than all his great accomplishments as lawyer, as statesman or as orator, and worthy to be transmitted to the last generation. Being told that his action in the late compromise would injure his prospects for the presidency, he wisely replied: "I would rather be right than president." These words prove his lofty character, his unspotted integrity and his untiring devotion to duty, and will ever be a just cause of admiration for all those who esteem uprightness, self-sacrifice and honesty in a public official.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Clay did not reach the presidency yet his fame as an orator, patriot, advocate and statesman will endure as long as the country exists. He compares favorably with the greatest statesmen of ancient or modern times. It is seldom that we see so many excellent traits of character and such wonderful abilities centered in one man as those possessed by Clay. Perhaps the

most noteworthy are his remarkable powers of persuasion. There was some hidden power in Clay's eloquence which was invincible, and never failed to win its point, at least make a deep impression; so much so that a political opponent once refused an introduction to Clay, because this contact with Clay's personality would win him over to Clay's political belief. His death caused universal regret, and the noble sentiments expressed about his life and character by his friends and opponents, both political and social, tell how much he was loved and respected by his fellow-citizens. In the Senate, especially, the eulogies were the most profound, sincere and touching ever spoken about any of the great public officials whose death caused sorrow and regret.

Would that the following sentiment could be expressed of the public men of to-day, which a statesman, although opposed to Clay in conviction, declared about him at his death: "If I were to write an epitaph I would inscribe as the highest eulogy on the stone which marks his resting-place; 'Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen'" Elaborate phrase this, but nevertheless justly merited. "He died in the city of Washington, June 29, 1852, after being more enthusiastically admired in all sections of the Union than any other American had been since the time of Washington." Clay's fame and glory are permanent and his praises will be in the mouths of his country-men as long as integrity has a supporter and patriotism an admirer.

E. A. WILLS, '03

THE CUNNING SOLDIER.

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All plains and forests lay embraced  
On winter's icy cheek;  
The glist'ning snow beneath the feet,  
Like trodden grass did creak.  
A cadence wild stern Boreas' breeze  
Made through December's leafless trees.

Such was the day, when in the camp  
The Father of our country dear  
In words like these his troops addressed:  
"Be brave and spurn all fear!  
On Delaware's distressing shore  
We have encamped some days before.

Yet now it is my firm intent  
To cross to Jersey's state  
As soon as opportunity  
Is given me by Fate,  
To beat some Hessians that intend  
Great Albion's banner to defend."

But Washington's most stalwart men  
Some distance were away,  
Them to inform of his design  
Was Larton's lot that day.  
The latter hastens to equip  
Himself for this imposing trip.

The will to do, the soul to dare  
Bespeaks his countenance,  
And fiery vehemence of youth  
His stately form enhance;  
All limbs are cast in manly mould  
For hardy deeds, or contest bold.

A falchion glimmers at his side  
A gun he shoulders high;  
A coat of beaver-skin he wears  
Stern winter to defy;  
A flagon of the strongest drink  
Is smiling from a pocket's brink.

Address of place and mission's words  
Are written on a card,  
That he conceals beneath his vest  
Like lyrics of a bard.  
"And now," says George, "be on thy way  
For chance is lost by long delay."

Then on the soldier hies his way  
To reach his destiny,  
And as he passes o'er a bridge  
A wolf he haps to see.  
Like head of an electric light  
His hair raise up at such a sight.

Yet this grim wolf does him no harm  
But scampers off apace,  
As it is shied by rifle fire  
And had sufficient prey.  
Then words of gratitude sincere,  
From Larton's lips mount heaven's pier.

Again he passes through a wood  
Portending naught but fear;  
For suddenly from out a brake  
Four coppered men appear,  
With eyes emitting sparks of fire  
And hearts inflamed with burning ire.

With gastly, sanguine tomahawks  
They closely him enfence  
And say: "Thou fiend-begotten wretch

Give up thy arms and gems,  
Or else on this extensive plain  
Your bones we'll scatter far amain."

All pale with death the soldier stands—  
Yet constant still in mind—  
And begs: "O spare my youthful life,  
The dearest gem to humankind;  
All other things though dear to me  
To you I'll give, but let me free."

With fiendish grasp they seize his gun,  
And when at rapine's brink  
The soldier from his pocket draws  
The flask of glowing drink,  
On this they bound with thirsty frame  
Like panting greyhounds on their game.

No sooner had they quenched their thirst  
Than swelling of the veins  
And innovations strange began  
To dim their murky brains.  
So while they prate and stalk about  
The frightened soldier steals his route.

With fleeting steps he spurns anew  
The wood and neighboring glen;  
Instead howe'er of being free  
Another band of savage men  
From out a lair spring forth amain  
To rapine and insidious gain.

They bind his legs with flinty gyves  
And bear him off perforce,  
To cast him in a gloomy kiln,  
To this they have recourse  
When'er they find a wandering White  
To gratify their hellish spite.

Yea homes and settlements of Whites  
They spare no less than men;  
And lest they learn from Larton's card  
Both armies' state and glen  
The latter fast begins to scan  
How he might stem the raving clan.

He tears the card in many shreds  
And forming pellets nice.  
He drops these on the frozen snow  
Unseen by captor's eyes.  
Thus did he save his country men,  
But he was doomed to death's wan den.

Already does the Indians' tent  
Display itself afar  
And clouds of smoke to him portend  
The end of life's fair star.  
And now 'mid scoffs and blasphemy  
They rudely cast him on the lee.

Upon request they granted him  
A smoke in mercy's name  
The while they ruthlessly enlarge  
The kiln's convulsive flame,  
A tiny fuse the soldier sends  
Into the center of their tents.

And as he lights his lovely pipe  
He lights the fuse withal  
At once a tent begins to burn  
With smould'ring flames still small.  
In frantic haste the Indians went  
To quench the ruddy element.

Then Larton quick they loose for aid  
In this catastrophe.  
Then to his feet he quickly springs

And runs along the lee.  
With counterfeited joy and ire  
He helps awhile to damp the fire.

But when dim smoke enshrouded him  
Off went he like a deer.  
And now he sees the army's camp  
That cost him such a fear.  
Around him throng the soldiers brave,  
And thank him for the news he gave.

S. J. KREMER, '02.

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### IVANHOE.

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ALTHOUGH constant novel-reading is considerably more injurious than beneficial, nevertheless it is an incontrovertible fact, that every student must not only read, but also study some pre-eminent romances of his tongue, if he wishes to claim the title "literary." Scott, being the greatest writer of imagination the nineteenth century has produced, justly demands attention from the English literary student. If it require too much time to peruse the pages of all the Waverly novels, which would not even be advisable, Ivanhoe, Scott's master-romance, should at least be studied, because it fully exhibits the author's capacities in this section of literature, and because from it we may well-nigh perfectly judge, if not the tenor, at least the literary merit of the others.

The plot of Ivanhoe, laid in England, shortly after the third crusade, begins with one simple scene; but like a river, that increases slowly in depth as well as in breath with the conflux of each

rivulet, whose limpid waters flow gently at times through billowing meadows and verdant woods, yet frequently dash with all the impetuosity of torrents from the beetling rocks of mountains into blooming valleys below; as these rivulets combine to form but one mighty stream, so the story gradually develops and becomes more powerful. It varies most pleasantly between stirring incidents and quiet scenes. To accomplish this, it was not sufficient for Scott's genius to select actions agitating in themselves, but even in the calm of the romance he rouses the reader's imagination by the dark presages of the approaching storm, which increase the attractiveness of the tale, not only at the very moment, but even afterwards when it rages in all its violence. Besides, Scott knows how to conceal circumstances and character so as to augment the reader's agitation, and reveals both when they are most pleasing and effective.

The author, however, is not only ingenious in securing the extraordinary interestedness of the reader, but he also knows how to sympathize with his heroes: two most pleasing features of the work. The latter Scott effects by depicting his heroes as noble, brave and generous, whilst their enemies appear as proud, vicious and jealous.

Scott's favorite hero, Ivanhoe, is the noblest though not the most prominent character of the novel. During a considerable part of the romance he is indeed rather inactive, yet this inactivity, arising from sickness, he bears because it is forced and only with the greatest reluctance and impatience. Ivanhoe's misfortune must be attributed to ac-

cident rather than to his own fault. Characters involved in suffering, which they have not caused themselves, or at least unconsciously, immediately excite commiseration; and more than any other, the principal hero of a production, as in this instance, Ivanhoe. When at a crisis in which the plot is but slowly progressing, the reader desires nothing so much as its advancement, he turns to study Ivanhoe's situation, although this retards the progress of the principal action; then first does he surmise the deep sympathy this character has awakened in his heart.

Although Scott succeeds in favorably disposing the reader towards his hero, yet he somewhat tarnishes the beauty of the novel by darkening Ivanhoe's character with one peculiar fault, or rather by exposing this fault too frequently and in too vivid colors; we mean Ivanhoe's fanaticism towards Jews. If Scott wished to express thereby that even the noblest people of those times were imbued with such fanatic principles, he should, at least, neither have mentioned this fault in Ivanhoe more than once, being his hero, nor have placed it in so strong a contrast with the noble character of Rebecca, at the time she was bestowing the greatest of favors upon him—saving his life.

Ivanhoe, as well as every other character, has a distinct office to fulfill in executing the plot according to the author's design. It is indeed singular, not only how Scott delineates his very many personages, each different from the other all, true to nature's mould; how excellently he maintains their characters in their respective exactness

throughout the work, but also how their characters vary, and as soon as they enter upon their career their presence is made conspicuous, prevents the romance from becoming monotonous, and gives it neither too stern nor too jovial a cast. Even this is not sufficient for Scott's genius. His object consists in representing in one work an entire age or race. To fulfill this duty Scott employed more than one person which considerably facilitated its accomplishment.

Cedric, the Saxon, evinces all the simplicity, roughness of manner, valor, patriotism, in short, all the noble qualities possessed by his ancestors; Athelstane exhibits the weaker side of the Saxon race; in Rowena some features which singularize the character of almost all the ladies of her tottering nation are vividly depicted; whilst in Ivanhoe, being enlisted in the retinue of King Richard, Scott shows the intermingling of the Norman and Saxon blood. These four characters together with many others whose names are omitted here, represent the Saxons of those times.

Isaac of York, a coward and a hypocrite on account of his excessive love of money, forms a picture of the dark side of the Jews; whilst Rebecca, noble and generous standing in strong contrast with her father, possesses the virtues of her people. Both are employed to exemplify the public as well as private life of the Hebrews.

That the author is more than ordinarily successful in the above examples is undeniable; but that he depicts the monks of the Middle Ages spuriously is at once apparent to the unbiased

reader. He expresses his bigotry not so much against the Catholic Church in general, as against monks in particular. Like a dark, transparent veil spread over a cask containing jewels these prejudiced views overshadow his entire work. Although they do not destroy nor even diminish the value and the beauty of the gems, they do at least abate the pleasure of gazing upon them. It may be true that one or the other recluse of the Middle Ages had fallen as deeply as Scott pictures them, but that they all were either most wicked or the greatest fanatics, as they would be according to his descriptions, is evidently exaggerated. This poison of bigotry is the more dangerous as the author repeats his prejudices so very many times; in fact they increase in number and sharpness with almost every page.

It is surprising that an author who otherwise evinces such a discriminating judgment should have fallen into so gross an error. A palliation may be alleged in the writer's extensive novel-reading in his youthful years. From the contorted views expressed in those fabulous books he imbibed those erroneous ideas concerning the Middle Ages. Besides, it was not Scott's purpose to express personal opinions, as is the tendency of novelists in our days, nevertheless these prejudices make his otherwise excellent volume poison rather than healthy food, and consequently he is blamable. An English writer says of him: "We cannot say that Scott is licentious, but he is offensive and unjust to Catholics. He misrepresents their belief, perverts their intentions, and caricatures their practices."

Conniving at the author's prejudices, however, it is true, beyond dispute, that *Ivanhoe* possesses great merit; especially in Scott's descriptions of natural scenery. "It is hard to say," writes a distinguished author, "whether his genius was most conspicuous in describing the varieties of nature, or delineating the passions of the heart: he was at once pictorial and dramatic." This is undoubtedly true. His scenes are indeed sometimes so vividly described that we could not help believing them copied from nature and adopted to the romance; a copying which Scott is, in fact, reported to have practiced. Yet we must except here some particular instances in which *Ivanhoe* is deficient in description. The author himself seems to have realized his mistake for once he even apologizes for the error. It appears, moreover, very probable that the extreme interestedness of the plot carried away the writer's attention, so that he forgot his duty.

The natural sceneries described in *Ivanhoe* and especially Scott's imaginary pictures are in general more sublime than beautiful. As nations in their infancy are prone to delight and as the countries inhabited by them are still rugged and romantic, scenes of this character are almost indispensable, for *Ivanhoe* is laid in a chivalrous age, at a time when England was but little civilized. Besides this, Scott's ideas are frequently tinged with novelty and are sometimes even introduced unexpectedly. This, however, is to be applied to instances of minor importance only; the author amply prepares the reader's mind for the stirring,

principal action which would otherwise even seem unnatural. Thus he adds at once to the correctness and beauty of the story.

Ivanhoe is a novel which, on account of the bigotry of its author, may prove highly detrimental to the superficial, inexperienced and ignorant reader who, hurrying over its contents, absorbs only poison and is totally unobserving of the beautiful truths that are at times interwoven with the story like roses in a garland. In fact, he loses nearly all the excellencies. The more careful student of Ivanhoe, however, will guard against its faults and glean its beauties. The great mistake in novel-reading in general is that people read for the story's sake only, not for its literary merit; they hurry over the pages of the novel superficially, not studying and endeavoring to discern its nobler aim and value, a practice which alone can prove a barrier against the evils contained therein.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.

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WAIT.

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The first warm breeze of April fair  
Speed swift across the northern plain;  
Besides the hedge a blossom rare  
Rejoiced at winter's ending reign.

A frosty dew at night then fell  
From out the breezy airy sky;  
No fragrance sweet the tale could tell  
Of life that was born but to die.

T. F. K. '01.

## THE GREAT AMERICAN FINANCIER.

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WE well perceive the difficulty of presenting the eminent deeds of prominent personages, narrowly sketched in the lines of an essay, and no aspirations to rare accomplishments being meditated, the reader will find it left to his own better information to supply ideas which in his judgment claim preference to those that I have noted as contributing the most honor to the subject. Every new attempt to advance in the path of worth and merit more effectually abrades the keenness of cutting discouragements and to proceed on this road demands a life true to duty, and ready scorn of all adversities. Though our efforts in this direction be repeatedly defeated, we clearly perceive that no other method will securely conduct us through the diverse follies that beset human life and guide us on to true greatness. It is obvious that those persons who in life were the ornament of state and society, and even after their death remain so in the grateful memory of posterity, gave an undaunted will to be tossed about by the overwhelming tide of endless distresses, but never to be overcome whilst an only spark of sympathy for duty was still fostered by their zeal and fidelity. Thus they erected those lasting memorials, far more durable than names in gold or marble busts, by bestowing eternal life on their value which in their old age attained its full vigor and now coils about their cold tombs

with fondest grasps to maintain them forever fresh in the memory and baffle all ravages of decay.

Honor is the unfailing reward which steadily pursues merit like a shade and agreeably to its fluctuating disposition it gives distinct evidence of its genuineness or unrealities. Time, too, goes far in making it suffer severely under its pillaging hand and similarly as it allows its years to pilfer the soft locks of youth, so it threatens to clip its rays and deprive it of its vigor. Though I do not presume that time should have sent the fame of a man, in whom generations of free people have acknowledged a benefactor, into bleak latitudes, yet I do believe that my attempt to decimate the thickening clouds of oblivion will serve no less than to recall and enliven his memory. He is an accomplished statesman of this our glorious Union, a man to whom we may look as a model in public and in private life; his deeds are recorded in the pages of history under the name of Alexander Hamilton.

It was he who in the most perplexing crises and discouraging embarrassments stood firm as a pillar supporting the tottering edifice until relief could be brought, when this our own country, the land and home of the brave and free, groaned under the dreadful weight of an awful debt; and to him we owe the possession of that which we praise in our Father Washington, namely, a character, a character most honorable and amiable in the eyes of all the unprejudiced and candid, a character ardent, glowing and most accomplished, a character full of truth, worth and sincerity, a character civilized, independent, equalizing all, and above

all the most humane ever possessed by tribe, nation, state or country. From the time when Hamilton's juvenile pen lent a second reality to the terrific storm which swept over the country where he lived, to the tragic termination of his beloved existence, his merits constantly gained the attention of the public. Consistently and with assiduity he labored for the accomplishment of all his undertakings. Thus he cultivated that fertile soil of which honor alone is the indigenous plant and where it blossoms luxuriantly nodding and waving in its perfection before the eyes of all, the envious as well as the well-meaning; but far from being unimpaired by the glare of any covetous eye it thrives whilst merit feeds its root and gives it strength to withstand any attack or impious design.

As soon as Hamilton entered on his public career he showed himself most determined in purpose, and firm beyond any compromise with the opinions entertained by others respecting any charge in his trust. Nor was this the out-cropping of an ill-trained or haughty character, but merely an antidote applied against the acquirement of desultory habits and a wavering will, so easily inculcated by the thoughtless whisperings and giddy counsels of the unconcerned. In him we see the man and the predominant bent of his genius cut out in the boy busy as a clerk at the desk of a merchant, in which position he secured for himself that valuable knowledge, of which he subsequently availed himself in the adjustment of the financial difficulties that had almost shattered all the hopes of his dear country. Together with an

unrelenting perseverance in his designs, nature had provided him with an ardent desire for war, a faculty which necessarily had to hinge to his other qualities to fit him out for the office he was destined to fulfill.

He expressed his disgust for private life and sought activity in public proceedings which he regarded with the most alert eagerness, so that no opportunity might escape him, which could give his energies exercise and bring his boiling spirits into action. He seized upon an occasion to pour forth his well assimilated ideas which had now ripened to a bursting fullness that further restraint was in vain; he became a successful and able pamphleteer. However, even the slightest attack on anything concerning his people or country met with severe and appropriate resentment. About this time his views became thoroughly inaugurated to his opponents, but far from being abashed by opposition he multiplied them by his successful efforts on the "Quebec Bill," and notwithstanding the fact that few public men have been so bitterly attacked, he availed himself of the occasion with such alacrity as gave him high standing and prominent consideration among the popular leaders. His amiability in private life contributed much to his warm defence and final success; likewise his wonderful ability as a political and financial writer possesses the unanimous testimony of even his political enemies and combined with an extraordinary exactitude of official life has prevented any effectual impeachment, either active or presumptive, of his well-defined, yet frequently misrepresented character.

In the revolution he at first joined a volunteer corps, and by his strenuous application to duty he left impressions of admiration and esteem with his generals, that upon their instance he was first elected captain and afterwards chosen staff member to Washington. In this capacity his conduct was so devoted and sincere that it drew from Washington the warmest encomiums. After his discharge from service he took up the study of law. It was during this time that he advocated and executed acts which prove him altogether disinterested, for he had little reward to expect as he clearly foresaw, that at first their real nature would be misunderstood and he alone would be forced to breast the whole charge that would be centered upon him by his violent opponents. This however did not deter him in the least from pursuing motives, by which he was confident the American character would be improved, and which he deemed necessary and expedient to substantiate the government.

It is an upright character in a man that demands appreciation on the part of those who have shared its influence, and doubly so, when it becomes known that at first its true value was obscured by unjust accusation. So it is with Hamilton. All charges brought against him have been frustrated, his opponents, who by this time had become maddened adversaries hopefully believed him vulnerable in one part, his alleged tendency toward anti-republican thought and action. Hamilton accepted and defended the republican ideal of his time as a fact but far from choice and only out of necessity. In all instances he insisted upon estab-

lishing a national government so powerful and influential as to create an interest in its support, extensive and strong enough to counterbalance the state governments and reduce them to subordinate importance. His commentaries on the end and aim of the federal constitution and its true interpretation still possesses the approbation of all those instructed in federal government, and are made both impressive and persuasive by the animating and buoyant spirit that permeates them.

In 1789 Hamilton was selected secretary of the Treasury. Though this office was most dreaded by all the great men of his time because of the immense debt to which the country was subjected, he acceded to the choice with a readiness that could alone be expected from him and expelled at once all the harassing anxieties which oppressed and perplexed Washington. Indeed Washington found that he had freed his country by a hard struggle, but he saw another enemy more formidable than British flags and troops, and equally dangerous to liberty and life, now clinging at its throat and endeavoring to suffocate once for all the liberty, happiness and security of his people. To remove this life-leeching horror he knew was a task beyond his qualifications but confidently hoped that it would be successfully championed by Hamilton. His hopes were not misplaced, for we see the country loom and brighten to smiling prosperity whilst the healthful influence of so great a political character shed its invigorating rays over its gloomy and pallid countenance. Although he fought single-handed and called for no

assistance in the combat yet there were many who willingly lent their aid in placing obstacles in his way, and driven on by jealousy they contrived measures to defeat his designs. Both the funding system and the bank introduced by him were denounced as instruments of corruption, dangerous in the highest degree to the liberties of the people, and Hamilton as designing to introduce by these means aristocracy and monarchy. Hamilton replied triumphantly to this charge and the proceeding proved a failure. In a great part the reasons for so much opposition to a man who so manifestly advocated the good cause may be explained by the fact that they proceeded mostly from men whose circumstances would not permit them to penetrate with Hamilton's powerful genius to the depth of political intricacies.

Hamilton is the first and perhaps the greatest expounder of constitutional liberty in America, and the public owes him a debt of gratitude far above its power to defray, for the establishment on a firm and enduring basis of the principles of free government, in which we, as Americans, exult with boundless joy and call out to our neighboring countries to show in what their joy of life can exceed ours.

It is truly deplorable that this great man lost his life at the hands of the most accomplished miscreant of his time, Aaron Burr, who to this day has remained the center of the vilest execrations ever hurled by man against man. But Hamilton will ever abide with the warmest memory that a great and grateful posterity can entertain.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.

**THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN**  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

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The season for the ideal national sport is again at hand. We are to have a representative team that will do their work on the diamond, and they should receive substantial encouragement from the entire student body.

The beauty of our college chapel has of late been greatly enhanced by the erection of two new and beautiful statues—the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph—in the place of the old ones on their respective altars. They are the gift of a sincere friend who does not permit his name to be mentioned. We take this opportunity to express our heartfelt gratitude for the signal favor thus conferred upon our Alma Mater.

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Joyous bells again peal forth in one grand succession of harmonious sounds. 'Tis the happy Easter tide. All true Christians certainly have sufficient reason to rejoice. During three days they followed the cross-bearing Saviour through the stormy streets of Jerusalem up to Calvary's rugged heights. There they wept in the shade of the wood of salvation. To-day they stand near the deserted sepulchre singing divine praises to the risen Godman's eternal powers and supernal glories. This is the grandest feast of the universal Church. It is the solemn anniversary of that memorable day on which Christ irrevocably verified the divinity of his celestial mission, firmly establishing the Church which he had built on the irremovable rocks of angelic truth.

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On March 17, the Catholic press lost one of its most ardent and most devoted supporters. In the death of Patrick O'Donahoe we have sustained an irreparable loss. In misfortune and triumph he labored for the success of the Catholic press of America. The *Pilot* of Boston and

*Donahoe's Magazine* are the perpetual monuments of his noteworthy labors. Under him were trained such men as McGee, O'Reilly and the present very able editor of the *Pilot*. He has set a noble example that has found imitators, for which the Catholic press of this infidel land owes him a debt of gratitude which ages cannot pay.

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Every nation as well as every individual is possessed of certain eccentric peculiarities. Now, it is a plain, undeniable fact, upheld by the unanimous testimony of years that the American public is a great reading public. The immense amount of matter printed annually is the most tangible proof, beyond the denial of logic and philosophy. But it is an equally firmly established fact that most of the writings that are read are not worth reading; time spent in perusing them is so much time lost. The all important question every reader should put to himself when in quest of a book or periodical is too often entirely neglected; and even if asked never or at least very seldom answered. What book? what paper? what magazine will not only be entertaining but also beneficial? Will the reading of this harm my character or advance my education? No! The giddy minds would not even dream of this, much less think of it. There is but one sort with which they are satisfied. It must be bloody and exciting, fairly roar with the incessant repetition of the most dastardly crimes, or be a story of endless love and shameless divorce. This is too low. Yet this is precisely the condition of the present generation. When it

will be altered we know not. This much however is certain that the rapid downward course will continue until the minds of the young will again be taught to relish the works of the masters in which is embodied what is truly good and beautiful.

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Like the ancient Romans so the modern Americans, both north and south, established their nationalities on the bold plans of robbery. We Americans are not indigenous to the land we now inhabit. We have had predecessors and a far nobler race, than the present one of preposterous ambition, boundless greed and devilish infidelity. The Indians had a right to this soil, the Creator had given it them. Upon the shoulders of the White, pre-elected by His own grace, He placed the glad some duty of civilizing and Christianizing these pagan tribes. What have we done? What are we doing? The government takes the land, exiles the poor aborigines to the starving deserts of the mountainous West and then—well facts speak better than words. Yet there are individual noble Catholic souls that most disinterestedly labor for the welfare of these outcast children of the forest. These messengers of peace are filled with God's grace but poor in earthly possessions. They need means to carry on successfully their great work of instructing the lowly and despised Indian children in the truths of religion. The government has entirely withdrawn its aid, thus throwing the whole burden upon the generosity and charity of our Catholic population. On them devolves the

sacred duty. The charitable Christian feeling and the bitter lot of the castaway Redman should stimulate their exertions and equal them to the hour of this great need. To meet the present demands the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions has issued an appeal that should find an active response in the hearts of all the faithful that "the oldest and most highly cherished missionary enterprise in the country" may be saved from utter destruction, and that the Church may continue her noble work in the "Catholic Indian Schools which have ever been the chief factor in Christianizing and civilizing the North American Indians." Let Catholics put their hearts and hands to the work and show the government that they can exist and flourish without its aid, yea in spite of its unjust discriminations.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The printing-press, and the news press in particular, has come to possess and to wield an influence rivaling that of the priest, orator and statesman. Its possibilities for good, when conducted by God-fearing men, are almost beyond comprehension; but its possibilities for evil when conducted by infidels and atheists are, in this country especially, daily and hourly brought home to us. In public life the intriguing candidate for political honors, who has the daily press to support him, wins, unfortunately for truth, justice and his country, the victory over his worthier and

more honest opponent. Again, how many a young man, how many a young woman, wallowing in the filth and scum of our great cities, how many a damned and miserable soul in the depths of hell, trace back, with a trembling finger and tearful eyes, their course of crime and final ruin to a few stolen glimpses of their father's morning paper, as it lay on the breakfast table!

The glaring headlines alone herald crimes, that shock their lamb-like innocence and excite their youthful fancy and curiosity; the seed is sown and hell reaps the harvest.

Hence, parents have two duties: to read the secular papers to their children, purging the news of the more disgusting and sickening details, pointing out the finger of God in all things. Keep them perfectly unacquainted with such papers, you cannot; in our day when city life is the life of the majority, when newspapers are the reading matter of the majority of Americans, our children before they have even reached their teens possess premature wisdom and knowledge—a knowledge, however, which, had it been imparted by parental lips with faith and the proper explanation, instead of being gleaned from unscrupulous newspapers and street jargon, would insure our youth a noble, Godlike manhood and womanhood. The daily news-sheet pictures to our children's sunny tempers the dark and shadowy side of man's life; it insinuates, and paints in misty colorings what it ought to teach and explain, and the results to our children sadly verify the old story of "The Moth and the Flame." The incalculable injury done by our secular papers is thus evident.

The second, and vastly more important duty of Catholic parents is to procure up-to-date *Catholic* papers. Since our children are determined to read, the Catholic parents who fail, when 'tis possible, to have Catholic papers on the home stand, or worse yet, who give the preference to secular papers, are enemies to religion, to their own salvation and are damnable murderers of their children's souls.

With such thoughts and convictions, is it any wonder that we, with pleasure—yea—gratitude, extend a hand of welcome, and offer words of praise and heartiest approbation, to such papers—ideal Catholic papers—as *The Columbian-Record* and *The Indiana Catholic*. What Fathers Finn and Spalding have done and are doing in the world of Catholic fiction, these papers are doing in Catholic press circles.

For variety *The Columbian* cannot be excelled. It contains matter for the youth and adult, for the shop-boy and the student, for the humorous and the thoughtful. "Randalls Letter" always covers a wide range of interesting subjects. But the most valuable and practical columns of the paper are the "Chats." If many a young man or young woman does not owe his or her nicely developed character and consequent success to this spicy column, we are much mistaken. Even the stories are not without an ennobling influence, since each displays the activity of some little virtue.

Turning to the *Indiana Catholic* we find a bright, clear, and very newsy paper. It seems to gather in news—clean news—from the four winds,

and hence we pronounce it interesting and up-to-date. Its spirit of loyalty and assistance to the Church is conspicuous. Although our ex-man is not reading the serial story "The Courtship of Roual Grant," he learns that many others are reading it with avidity and pronouncing many favorable commendations upon it.

In general, the two papers are all that we could wish them to be. It is not our duty, who have comparatively little experience, to criticize adversely such papers; but it is a pleasure for us to express our admiration for papers that place the deeds of noble men and women before us, that appeal to our boyish hearts, that consider their highest success the salvation of souls. We consider these two weeklies sister papers of sister dioceses and every earnest, loyal Catholic family should receive them with a brother's affection. God's blessing on the editors of these and all Catholic papers whose paths, we presume, are not wanting in ruts and bowlders, thorns and thistles.

W. ARNOLD '02.

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### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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*The Cave by the Beech Fork, A Story of Kentucky,* by H. S. Spalding S.J. Benziger Bros. 85 cts.

This little story is an effort in the right direction. The early history of America and especially the bold and adventurous deeds of the pioneers of civilization in the territory of the United States teems with sufficient subject matter out of which

an ideal American literature can and should be created. And if the author of this little volume finds imitators it certainly will be done. This story is an ideal representation of Kentucky frontier life. The Indians had abandoned their sacred haunts to the power of the pale-face, but the primeval forest with its wild beasts and unexplored fastnesses boldly defied the courageous ingenuity of the early settlers. But civilization triumphs. Throughout the reader is fascinated by the mysteriousness of the rocky cave by the river bank, and the upright spirit and firm determination of the Howard family. Owen Howard is the hero of the tale, but the disinterestedness of his true friend and companion, Martin Cooper, is equally entertaining and delightful. They are ideal frontier boys, such as America only could have produced, and the author has succeeded in presenting them in their true light and character. Owen's dexterity with the rifle pleases the reader, but his most wonderful feat is his escape with Gen. Jackson's message from the revengeful hands of Tom the Tinker. The latter's character is a species of the "Moonshiner" type, a gory miser and an arch villain. The author's attempt has been successful; his work is an addition to the up-building of a true national American literature.



### PERSONALS.

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Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Provincial C. PP. S., spent a few days at the College during the past month on official business.

The following of the Rev. Clergy have been our guests during the last month: Rev. G. D. Heldman, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Chicago, Ill., Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Rev. G. Horstman, Reynolds, Rev. F. J. Jansen, Frankfort, Rev. F. Koenig, Lowell.

The following of the laity were visitors on St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's day: Mrs. P. T. Welsh and daughter, Mrs. M. Shea, Mrs. M. Sullivan and Mrs. C. Wessel, Ft. Wayne; Mrs. C. Lapple and Miss K. Hildebrand, Delphi.

Rev. A. Seifert, C. PP. S., of Carthage, O., spent April 2, at the college.

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### TWO DAYS WE CELEBRATE.

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The approach of St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's day is always eagerly awaited by the inmates of St. Joseph's. They are for us days of joy and festivity.

On St. Patrick's day the morning services were conducted by the Rev. President P. Benedict. Besides the solemnity of the day this was an especially solemn occasion for the children of Mary and the clients of St. Joseph. A generous friend

of the college had donated the beautiful statues of the two saints. These were blessed before High Mass. Before the blessing took place Father Benedict gave a short address on the advantages and wholesomeness of venerating the saints, and that their images should always be erected in a prominent place and honored with due respect.

The evening entertainment was in the hands of the A. L. S. On this occasion as heretofore success crowned their efforts, and P. Hugo is to be congratulated for the advancement the junior society is making in their dramatic productions. They presented the two act comedy, "The Living Statue," or "The Captain's idea."

The cast of characters:

Frank Larkins.. .. .	J. Jones
Toby Trotter.....	A. Lonsway
Mrs. Piper, a negress....	W. Fisher
Capt. Gay.....	B. Wellman
Mr. Stonecraft.....	C. Sibold
Lieutenant.....	J. Lemper
Two Fashionables... ..	{ E. Lonsway E. Cook
Dr. Harris.....	M. Shea
Mr. Muckenbinder.....	J. Dabblet
Charlie Horton.....	L. Monahan
Tommy Jenkins.....	J. A. Sullivan

The A. L. S. furnished their own music. They have organized a little orchestra of their own which indeed promises us some rare musical treats in the future. A. Junk, J. Jones, J. Barrett, J. A. Sullivan, L. Flory and C. Ellis are the youthful aspirants to musical fame.

On the eve of St. Joseph's day the C. L. S. entertained the guests and students by presenting

the tragedy "St. Hermigild," or "The Two Crowns." The rendition was a complete success, and since it will be again presented we will postpone our description.

St. Joseph's morn broke bright and sunny. This is the first feast-day in the hearts of all the students and joy and happiness beamed on every countenance. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. Jansen, of Frankfort; Rev. J. Berg, of Remington, acting as deacon, Father Eugene as sub-deacon and Father Hugo as master of ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. G. D. Heldman, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Chicago. We expected an oratorical discourse and were not in the least disappointed. The Rev. Speaker eulogized the great saint, pointed out his particular favors and virtues and explained the immense advantage all true Christians derive from faithfully imitating the heroic example set by the humble foster-father of our divine Redeemer. At two P. M. solemn vespers were sung followed by Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and the chanting of the Te Deum. The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, especially St. Joseph's altar which was one bank of fragrance and beauty.

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ATHLETICS.

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The S. J. C. Base Ball team has begun outdoors. The team has been doing very good work considering that it is so early in the season and that the weather has been so changeable. It may be of interest to our readers, and especially to the old supporters of baseball at S. J. C., no longer in our midst, to know something about the men who will represent us on the diamond this year. Theobald, who played right field last season, is working hard to fill the gap left by the loss of Eder as catcher. He is one of the hardest workers on the team. VanFlandern, sub-pitcher last year, will try to prove himself a worthy successor to our efficient and ever faithful Ley. He has terrific speed and good curves, but lacks control; but this can be remedied by constant practice. Welsh is a new man on the pitching staff, with plenty of speed and curves, and good control. W. Arnold at first base is a brilliant fielder and heavy batter. J. Bach, P. Hartman, and J. Jones are all doing good work at second, but Bach seems to have the best chance of winning that post. J. Wessel, after a year's leave of absence, caused by his trip to the fatherland, will again be seen at short. He plays the game like a veteran, and when called upon to do something with the stick is always there. Welsh and VanFlandern will alternate in the box and at third. In the outfield Hoerstman will be at left. He is as hard-

working and faithful a player as there is one in the team. "Teddy" Sulzer will be in right field. He is a good fielder and one of our surest batters. Halpin, Braun and G. Arnold are all working hard for the centre lot and any one of them could fill it with credit. Besides these players we have the old reliable men, Kramer and Stoltz from St. Xavier Hall. Kramer has a great assortment of curves and great speed; he is one of the best slab artists in the vicinity. Stoltz is an able catcher and a good thrower. With such a team we ought to win.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

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### LOCALS.

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Bravo Hammes!

He changed his tune.

Junior: How many brothers have you? Lons-  
way: I have two married and the other two are  
living yet.

Tub at the telephone: Hello! Del, is that you?  
The other end: No, it's Florentine.

"Fortiter mori maxima laus considerata est"  
Ludger: A very big louse is said to have died very  
bravely.

The juniors are quite enthusiastic over the  
outcome of their baseball games. We would sug-  
gest that the team winning the first game take the  
uniforms of the once famous "Victors." W. Fla-  
herty was chosen captain of the "Victors."

The gymnastic class under the direction of  
Father Ulrich is making excellent progress. As

soon as the weather permits the boys will exercise outdoors, where they will be taught the art of expert tumbling.

After a few months of loneliness our north campus is again the scene of cheerfulness. The handball alley is in fine shape, while the baseball teams are gradually rounding into form. We soon expect to see our lovers of tennis getting down to work which will add more to the hilarity that now exists on the grounds.

The "Victors" and "Young Americans" played their first game March, 31. The game was lacking of interest but yet some good plays were made. The Score stood 25 to 23 in favor of the "Young Americans." The line up was: "Young Americans" J. A. Sullivan, c. C. Sibold, p. A. Hepp, 1st. J. F. Sullivan, 2nd. J. Hildebrand, 3rd. M. Shea, ss. L. Monahan, lf. J. Dabbelt, cf. E. Cook, rf. "Victors": V. Sibold, c. W. Fisher, p. W. Flaherty, 1st. N. Kellar, 2nd. C. Ready, 3rd. J. Barrett, ss. A. Knapke, lf. C. Ellis, cf. E. Lonsway, rf.

#### ST. AQUINO'S TEAM.

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Our captain's Chick, and he's the stuff,  
To play behind the bat.  
And Shine at first is big enough  
And quick as Bumsey's cat.

And Jim will play at No. 2,  
He's just the man we need;  
And Paul at third will sling some too  
He's surely got the speed.

And Trap. he says just raise my pay,  
Then he will twist the ball.  
Our faithful John at short will play,  
For he's the best of all.

And Mish at left is small but oh!  
 He's quite a handy thing.  
 And Ted, the boy at right will show  
 That he can catch and sling.

But Bob his post between will take  
 For he is quick apace;  
 The subs are all as slick as snakes  
 And fit to take a place.

'Tho' last not least is man'ger Tub  
 He's good at chewing the rag  
 His heart is with the baseball club  
 And we will win the Flag.

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## HONORARY MENTION.

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### FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

#### 95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, J. Dabbelt, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, B. Huelsman, A. Knapke, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, B. Quell, A. Reichert, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, T. Sulzer, B. Wellman, E. Werling, L. Werling, E. Wills.

#### 90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, J. Braun, P. Carlos, E. Cook, L. Flory, P. Hartman, H. Heim, N. Keller, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, M. Shea, V. Sibold, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, L. Wagner, P. Welsh